

THE ATHENIAN



We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

Be most like

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.



MAY, 1909.

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THE ATHENIAN

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Extract from the Will of Moses Griffin, Founder of Griffin Free School.

[The Griffin Fund was recently used to build an auditorium, four new class rooms, rooms for domestic science, manual training, and a gymnasium. Because of our great interest in this man whose legacy to education has made so much possible for us, we print that part of his very interesting will which relates to the public.]—Editors.

I desire that my said trustees and executors shall out of the issues and profits of my estate real and personal, purchase two acres of land in some convenient and healthy place near the town of New Bern and as soon as the funds arising from the issue and profits aforementioned shall be deemed by them sufficient to make a commencement, that a brick house one story and half high shall begin to be erected on such part of said two acres of land as my said executors shall determine on and point out, which said house is to be 30 feet long and 20 feet wide, and to have a large room suitable for a school room to be laid off and furnished on the first floor, the remainder of the house to be finished in a plain manner fit for the accommodation of indigent scholars which house shall be called "Griffin's Free School."

And it is my desire that, as soon as the house is finished and the funds arising from the issues and profits of my estate, real and personal, will admit that a proper school-master shall be employed for the purpose of teaching and educating therein as many orphan children or the children of such other poor and indigent persons as are unable to accomplish it with their own means, and who, in the judgment of my trustees are best entitled to the benefit of this donation as the

funds are equal to. And it would be my wish should the appropriated funds by good management prove hereafter equal to the expense to cloth and maintain the indigent scholars as well as school them. And when the said scholars arrive at the age of fourteen, it would be my desire that my said executors shall bind them out to trades or other suitable occupations. And I think the school-master may be able to board the indigent scholars upon more moderate terms than any other person in consequence of his having the use of the house and the two acres of land rent free during the time he may be continued in the employment, and in consequence of his having the privilege of taking twenty-five (25) other scholars besides the indigent ones for whose tuition he may make terms with parents or friends.

And to prevent misconception my meaning is that the amount of my estate, real and personal, at the time of my decease shall be considered as a principal sum and is to remain undiminished forever, except the payment of my debts, funeral expenses and the legacies hereinbefore bequeathed, and that the issues and profits of my said estate only shall be appropriated to the support of the said school.

And I would have it understood that it is my desire that all interest arising from sums of money put out at interest shall be deemed as principal and put out at interest in the same manner as before mentioned and the negro hire also shall be put out at interest in like manner and to continue at interest until the funds are deemed sufficient by my executors as before mentioned to put the institution in operation.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the 13th day of September 1807.

MOSES GRIFFIN.

MR. S. M. BRINSON

Popular Education, or Education of the Masses, is not a New Thing, nor is Industrial Training a Purely Modern Invention.

In these latter days, we are prone to claim for ourselves, the invention of all things which have proven their worth. For an instance, we hear much these days about "consolidation of districts," and the thought is in the mind of many, that we of recent years, have been the pioneers in this worthy undertaking, while the fact is that our fathers fifty years ago were acting upon the same principle, we are following in consolidating districts.

The arguments they advanced then are precisely the same we are advancing to-day with such show and demonstration as of a wonderful modern invention.

So too with popular education and particularly with practical or industrial training.

The wisdom and foresight of our fathers was not lacking as some would have us believe.

The old Academy on the other side of the campus gives silent testimony to the interest felt by the early citizens of New Bern in the education of all the people, while the will of Moses Griffin shows that at that early date, September 13, 1807, the free education of all the children, and as far as possible, their industrial training was upon his heart and mind.

There are those in our city to-day whose early mental training was received in The Griffin Free School and not a few whose hands were taught useful trades through the provision made in Moses Griffin's will.

Somewhat tardy public recognition is now being given this wholesome work inaugurated by him, whose name this building bears.

While public recognition of our obligation is somewhat belated, it is nevertheless sincere and the Board of Trustees has accepted the trust in the serious and solemn spirit becoming the acceptance of a sacred office.

They have given to this building the name "Griffin Memorial Building" esteeming it a fit and proper thing that this, the last and best of the group of school buildings on this historic ground shall stand as an enduring monument to the well directed zeal for free education of him whose name it bears and whose benefaction provided the larger part of the cost of its erection.

I think we have ample warrant for terming Moses Griffin the "Pioneer in the field of industrial training in this state" and expressions in his will, written a century ago, are not less pronounced in support of that character of training than are the writings and speeches of the modern advocate of industrialism.

He was the largest contributor to the primary or rudimentary education of our children, in fact the promoter and financial support of one of the first distinctively Free Schools in our state, it being second in point of age to the "Inness Academy" of Wilmington and possibly one or two others.

There is this further and important fact to be remembered, that while our state did not establish a Free School System until 1840, Moses Griffin by will established one for the town of New Bern in 1816, the date of his death, anticipating by twenty four years the wise and patriotic action of our lawmakers.

The first constitution of our state, the "Halifax Constitution" of 1776, says in section 41:—"A school or schools shall be established by the legislature for the convenient instruction of youths, with such salaries to the masters paid by the public as may enable them to instruct at low prices."

This constitution, providing for pay schools, was in

effect at the time of Griffin's death and many years afterward.

The will of Moses Griffin lays bare the man, reveals the generous quality of his nature and his clear and vigorous mind.

What the state would not do for his people, he himself did, and the state, a quarter of a century later, accepts his views and follows his lead.

It cannot be doubted that, were he alive to-day, he would be gratified at the use to which his money is being put and the widening field of his ever active though silent ministry.

His dream of a Free School for all the children has been realized and let us hope that the practical training, in which his heart was strongly enlisted, may soon be a reality as well.

Moses Griffin deserves a lasting memorial and we honor ourselves in doing honor to his memory.

He whose vision looks beyond the present and can accurately take measure of the future, is the prophet whose forecast we accept and whose leadership we follow.

The pioneer in any line of human effort, if his achievement is of any worth to the race, merits and receives the homage of all who walk the way his genius and foresight blazed.

In the bestowal of our thanks we have too long neglected those who toil at the quiet tasks of peace and solve the practical problems of life.

We pour out unstintedly our praise to him, who in more spectacular manner has wrought well on field of battle or in the forum of political debate.

Martial music and the excited clamor of a political throng have dulled our senses to the quiet movements of those benefactors of our race whose discriminating judgment and wise forethought have added materially to the sum of human achievement.

In these latter days we are less emotional but not less appreciative, possibly more discriminating than formerly.

More garlands are now gathered for those who, in practical fashion, help the world onward than for those who, under the stimulus of martial music or the hoarse acclaim of shouting multitudes, win military fame or political power.

In this sober and rational period the quality of the deed and the merit of the doer are weighed in deliberate and analytic manner, and unceasingly, as certainly as the turning of the needle to the pole, does the thought of the people in the end turn to them who make easier the path of humanity and put into the mouth of the people a new song of cheer and hope.

No thought of self moved Griffin in the making of his will. No outside pressure induced the generous legacy.

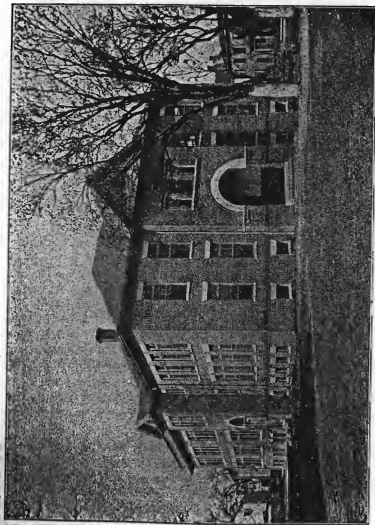
From reliable information, it can be stated that the enterprise founded by his gift had its origin solely in the prompting of his own generous nature and his own sound judgment gave shape and direction to it.

That the record of no similar enterprise could serve as a chart and that the venture in which his soul was absorbed was an untried one did not change his attitude nor swerve him from the course his judgment approved.

In the light of modern educational development, Moses Griffin was nearly a century ahead of his fellows and the educational statesmanship of our country has brought us through various changes and processes to the legal sanction and general acceptance of the methods and principles approved and declared by him in his will, written in 1807.

Something of the man, whose name is upon our lips and whose praise is in our hearts, should be known by every school boy and girl in New Bern.

Col. John D. Whitford, whose research in the history of our town has gone further and whose store of facts collected is larger than that of any other citizen of our community, says of him, that he was a bachelor and lived in a small house on Pollock Street nearly opposite the National Bank



MOSES GRIFFIN BUILDING.



and adjoining the Episcopal Church yard, the land on which it stood now being a part of Post Office reservation.

In this house he spent his latter days and it was here that he died.

He was modest, unpretentious and kindly disposed toward all. His plainness of dress and manner and his rugged honesty are confirmed by all reliable testimony.

His personal appearance is somewhat indefinitely described as follows: of medium height, with reddish hair, of benevolent expression and of shambling gait.

It is to be regretted that authentic information about this good man is so meagre, even the modest stone which covers his grave failing to give his age.

In Cedar Grove Cemetery, you will find this flat stone and on it, cut in letters now hardly discernible, the following inscription:

In Memory
of
MOSES GRIFFIN,
Who died in 1816.

The founder of Griffin Free School.

The simplicity of the inscription is in keeping with the natural modesty of the man and is faithful to the direction in his will that there should be no display or funeral pomp at his burial.

The will of this man gives clearer insight and furnishes a safer basis for an estimate of his character than all the facts gained from direct evidence and tradition.

The kindness of his heart here finds ample testimony for he makes provision for the freeing of his slaves as well as for the education and clothing of the indigent children of New Bern.

His power of wise selection is manifest in the naming of

the Trustees who were to be charged with the duty of carrying out the directions of his will.

In his will he named as Trustees:—Edward Graham, Wm. Gaston, John Devereux, Francis Hawks and John Oliver.

The management of that trust fully justified the selection. By wise and judicious management the fund which was only moderate at the death of Griffin, amounted to about Fifty Thousand Dollars at the beginning of the war.

When the war ended only the real estate remained, all the bank stock and other securities having been wiped out.

Probably Twenty Thousand Dollars would be a fair estimate of the value of the trust estate at the best period since the war.

The advent of the Graded School, responding to the larger demand of the modern times and furnishing all and more than the Griffin Fund with its small income could hope to do, made the union of the two desirable and practicable.

The desire of Moses Griffin will be realized through this union and coming generations will speak his praise as we shall come more and more to appreciate the sterling worth of one of earth's modest and hitherto unsung heroes.

If prophecy were allowed me, I would to-night picture to you as I see it in my mind, every room in these buildings filled with happy and ambitious children.

I would take you to the basement of this building and show you the dream of Griffin realized in the developed muscle and trained hands of these boys and girls.

Then looking back through the mists of the century passed, with vision clarified, we would look beyond the shambling gait, the awkward manner, the homely form, we would see the soul of one of earth's noblemen, the seer, the prophet, the builder, Moses Griffin.

It was in the month of August, 1886. The weather was warm and fair, not a cloud was in sight when on the morning of the fourth a happy party of four boys sailed down the Neuse, for the purpose of spending a few day's fishing.

The object of the party was to sail down about the mouth of the river and there to land and encamp along the shore, to here fish and so spend their time.

All went well for the first two days but on the night of the second day after starting, a heavy wind suddenly sprang up causing "The Old Phantom," the flat bottomed scow in which they were embarked, to rock and plunge among the billows; For as near as could be reckoned she was down about the mouth of the Neuse. The sail had long been lowered but still "The Old Phantom" was being driven along at a great rate. Things were beginning to look dangerous. The timbers in the boat were creaking and snapping, the boys expected every minute to be her last. Life preservers were strapped on and nothing was left to be done but to hold fast to the old scow until the fatal moment should come.

At last more dead than alive they were taken aboard a fishing craft which was making for Roanoke Island. Being too exhausted to express their surprise when told, that they had drifted thirty or forth miles from the mouth of the Neuse and that they were far out in Pamlico Sound, they were carried on to Roanoke where they were compelled to stay for sometime to regain their health and strength.

More than two weeks had elapsed before all four of the boys had fully recovered.

It was a beautiful August morning, the sky was again clear, and the early morning sun gave good promise of a hot scorching day. All four of the boys stood upon the beach

discussing their situation they were all truly thankful to be still alive.—All but Joe Laughinghouse, a large, heavy built and rather clumsy looking fellow, who persistently argued that it would have been better if they had never left "The Old Phantom." But failing to convince the other three of the same opinion he too was obliged to acknowledge that he would rather be alive on Roanoke than at the bottom of Pamlico Sound.

"Well!" said Nathaniel Houston, or Nat, as he was generally called, a tall muscular youth of eighteen, "let's go fishing to-day."

"No fishing for us," was the reply.

"I'd rather take a walk in the woods," said Joe.

"Everybody to his own liking," answered Nat, as he made off in the opposite direction. "I for my part prefer the water to the woods any time." So saying he secured a boat, sail, oars and other things he thought he would need and after taking care not to forget to carry with him a good supply of food, he raised the sail, pushed off and headed out directly north on Albemarle Sound.

As the day wore on the heat became terrible and, Nat, was compelled to keep under shadow of the sail, or be blistered by the sun. Propped in the stern of the boat he sailed on feeling too lazy to exert himself more than was necessary to steer his course.

It was about two o'clock when hunger awoke him to the fact that it was time for dinner.

Gaining his feet he was surprised to find that the wind had died down, turning around he looked back in the distance for Roanoke Island but could see nothing, but what looked like a small strip of woods to the south. Rebuking himself for dreaming so long he lowered the sail and after satisfying his appetite he set to work. Rowing eastward for about two miles he landed on the north side of Colington, a small Island

about twelve miles north of Roanoke. Here he decided to await until the wind should again spring up, for to row back to Roanoke was too much like work on such a day as this, so after resting awhile he rowed out among the cluster of small islands off the northern shore to fish.

Seven o'clock had come, but still not a breath of air was astir. The sun was just setting when Nat pulled in his lines and rowed back to Colington. Reaching the shore he pulled the boat high upon the beach and tied it to a huge tree root.

"Well," said he, to himself as he walked up the beach "I reckon I'd better be looking out for a place to roost to-night, for at present it looks like a poor prospect of returning to Roanoke before to-morrow." His first idea had been to sleep in the boat, but seeing a huge old tree standing some two or three hundred yards from the shore he decided to go up and see if he could better suit himself. As he made his way inland he found the sand which abounded on the coast to gradually decrease, being replaced by firmer soil. The island was't very large and by standing under the tree which seemed to be located about the center, Nat, could view two shores of the island, but not so with the northern and western sides for they were thickly wooded. For the distance of fifty or sixty yards on every side from the tree the land was level and covered with short green grass, from here it gently sloped down to the sandy beach on the southern and eastern sides.

"An ideal place to spend the night," remarked Nat, to himself as he threw himself upon his back. Wadding up his coat he stuck it under his head for a pillow and was soon sleeping.

Just how long he had been asleep, he did not know and when he awoke he did not at first realize where he was for the night was so dark it was impossible to see the outline of the shore. Gradually the situation dawned upon him, he

raised up and leaning on his elbow listened. A death like silence reigned over land and sea. He was not in the least afraid of the darkness but things seemed to have a ghostly silence. Not a ripple was heard from the shore, nor a leaf stirred on the trees. Nothing could be heard but the clear, even tick of his watch. The night was extremely warm, the atmosphere was light and dry. With the perspiration pouring from his face he arose, began humming to himself and started for the boat to get water with which to moisten his parched throat.

He had hardly taken half dozen steps before he halted to listen. What was it? It wasn't the wind for the earth seemed to tremble, the branches above him were moaning, groaning, creaking and trembling. Everything had a highly agitated motion, he himself could scarcely stay upon his feet. "It's an earth-quake!" The thought fairly paralyzed him. Would the old tree be thrown down upon before he could get from beneath it? He made a desperate effort to run, the whole earth seemed to be suddenly turned up side down. He felt a falling sensation, the next instant a sharp stunning pain, then followed a loud crash.

When Nat collected his senses, the first thought that entered his brain was, "where on earth could he be?" Rising to his feet he groped around in the dark, and much to his surprise came in contact with a wall. Could it be possible that he had fallen into a pit, or what? Turning around he went in the opposite direction but there too met another stone wall. It was very plain that he was in some kind of a narrow passage with rock walls on either side. He thought of climbing out, but abandoned this idea, for besides the walls being perfectly smooth he could not see the opening through which he had fallen for everything and in every direction was pitch dark.

For a while he stood perfectly still not knowing what to

do. All had again quieted down and Nat rubbed his eyes half dozen or more times before he was quite sure he had not been dreaming. At length he was encouraged by the thought of how thankful he should be and how much better off he was down here than if he had been crushed beneath the tree. So taking courage he began groping his way along the wall. Little by little he advanced along the passage.

At length almost exhausted he was thinking of turning and going back when suddenly the way was barred before him. He pushed, it swung back and proved to be a huge door of steel. For an instant, Nat stood trying to make up his mind whether to open this door, or not. At last he determined to do so, pushing against it he passed by, and the next instant stumbled over something lying on the floor. He halted and half afraid stooped to pick it up. What was it? A pile of rubbish, perhaps. He kicked it with his foot but still wasn't satisfied. "O for a light!" he muttered to himself. "Matches, where are my matches," he repeated as he carefully searched and researched his pockets. At last a match he found, only a broken piece but even this was a treasure. But thought he, "suppose it is the wrong end," but no he saw the sulphur smoke and glow when he rubbed it between his moist fingers. He immediately started to strike it but, "suppose it sparks and burns my fingers and I drop it, or suppose it won't strike at all," flashed through his mind. Again he searched his pockets but with no further success. Another idea struck him, pulling forth an old letter from his pocket he twisted it together, took courage and struck his only match. The flame sputtered and glowed, the paper was lighted and Nat heaved a sigh of relief as he cast a glance to the floor.

There at his feet lay a pile, or collection of what? A candle stick of antique style first met his gaze, this he grasped, lighted and again looked and saw lying in a pile on the floor,

just inside the door, a collection of old armour, swords, all kinds of fire arms and a quantity of metal caps, vases and the like.

"To whom could these things have belonged," Nat ask of himself. It was evident that they had been piled here many years for they were badly corroded with mold and dust.

Closely observing the candle stick which he held in his hand, much to his surprise he found it to be of sterling silver and although very dirty he could see that it had been in use many years ago, for there was still left in it a piece of tallow candle which was almost black with dust and age.

So excited and inquisitive had Nat been to know what was in the pile on the floor he had not as yet cast a single glance around him, but now that he was satisfied as to the contents of the pile, he raised his eyes with an inquiring look.

By the light of the candle he saw that he was standing just inside the door way of a large square room, the ceiling or wall of which was not over eight feet in height. Both this and the side wall was constructed of large stones and mortar, the floor, as much as could be seen was of stone also and nearly completely covered over with pieces of decayed rugs. The walls were damp and in many places covered with mold. In all four sides of the room there were doors, over which hung, draped in antique style, the remains of what looked to be once handsome curtains. Standing in the middle of the room was a long, broad mahogany table, around which stood, in a rather jumbled order, eight or ten chairs. On the wall hung many large pictures and beautiful paintings. The whole scene represented the ruins of a once handsomely furnished apartment.

When Nat had taken this in he was more puzzled than ever. Walking over to the door in the north side of the room he deliberately opened it and looked in. Here he found a bed and other articles of furniture, all of antique style.



"THE ATHENIAN" STAFF.

Photo by Bayard Wootten.

The longer he looked the more inquisitive he became. Going to the next door he opened it and found the furniture to correspond with that of the one he had just left. When Nat reached the next and last door he expected to find this to disclose about the same as the others had. Reaching for the knob he grasped it and after several fruitless attempts he succeeded in turning it. Giving the door a moderate push he was surprised when it failed to open. At first he thought it was locked but not being perfectly satisfied he tried again. Placing the candle on the floor he threw his whole weight against the door, which slowly began to open. Reaching down, he started to pick up the candle but instantly the door came back on him, entangling his foot in a rug stretched before the door, it was all he could do to keep from falling. Again he turned the knob and this time succeeding in pushing his way into the room with the candle in his hand.

As Nat stepped inside, the light of the candle lit up the black, damp walls of a narrow, long room. His eyes were instantly, as if by magic riveted on the portrait of a man, which hung incased in a richly ornamented frame, on the opposite wall. There was nothing remarkable in the frame, but it was in the man, his face, *the eyes*, the very expression of which took away Nat's breath. For a moment he reeled, staggered and leaned against the door for support. By nature, Nat, was not timid, nor superstitious, yet he stood horror stricken leaning against the door. From an impulse equally resistless as painful, he suddenly approached the opposite wall, holding the candle forward he was enabled to make out the words, "Edward Teach," enscribed on the border of the portrait. His knees smote together, his whole frame trembled and he would have fallen had he not grasped and half fallen upon a table which stood directly beneath and in front of the picture.

For many minutes he stood by the table in an excited

and nervous condition, he had succeeded in taking his eyes from the portrait above him and now sank down completely exhausted in a chair by the table. As he placed the light before him his eyes fell on an open book. For a moment he stared at it as if in a stupor, then seeming to collect his mind and strength he cleared his throat and putting forth his hand turned the book over and over again. It was a large and ancient log-book, in which, Nat imagined, and would have sworn was the exact account of the piratical life of Edward Teach.

His first impulse was to leave the book and to get out of the room as quickly as possible, but no he determined to read it—and read he did. Unfolding the massive covers he began to read at the first of the book. Here he found entries and records, written by Teach himself, but on the fourth or fifth page, much to his surprise he found written in a far different hand the following:—

"It was about 1700, when I started out from England embarked on a passenger boat which was bound for America. My parents had forbidden my going but never the less I started out.

On our way across, the vessel was captured by a fleet of pirates under the leadership of one Edward Teach, who ordered our vessel to be sunk with her crew and passengers aboard. This order was received with horror by us, and I, coward, begged to be spared. For some reason or other Teach listened to my prayers and offered to spare my life if I would become one of the crew. This offer I accepted and standing by, saw our vessel sink with every man on board.

As time passed by I became use to massacres and bloodshed and was in a few years a typical pirate.

Things went on in this way for ten or twelve years, we all were growing rich. But in 1713 Teach set his mind on something else. He had succeeded in getting another old

rascal in his scheme, this was the Governor of North Carolina, Chas. Eden.

When Eden went in office Teach bought a good piece of land on the coast, just outside the town of Bath, and after marrying, as some say his thirteenth wife, he began farming.

"Edward Teach, the pirate and buccaneer of the Atlantic had reformed!"

Sending his fleet to the Pacific under the command of an old tough who was as mean and treacherous as himself, he ordered fifty-five of the best men in the fleet to land on this island, I of course was one of the number. Here we lived for over a month on barrel pork and canned goods waiting for orders from Teach, at last it came. Eden had engaged to be sent over from England, a cargo of lime, building stones and other material. They were to be unloaded at the island, we being ordered to seize the cargo and murder the crew.

By the beginning of the next year we had completed our work. On this island, under the direction of Teach himself he had built an underground structure, consisting of four rooms and a long, narrow passage leading into the main apartment. One of these rooms had been fitted up with special care. It was lined on the inside with sheet steel plates which were riveted together over the floor, top and sides. There were no windows and but one door, this was also built of steel with a massive catch lock on it which was so constructed that the door could not be opened from the inside without a key.

This being completed Teach placed his wife on the island in the care of us men and sailed for the Pacific, returning a month later with his entire fleet. Now we again began our bloody work.

All went well for us until 1715, when the message came from the Governor stating that he had been found out and

was accused of helping pirates, and that Capt. Ellis Brand, commander of the British Squadron had ordered Lieutenant Maynard to capture our fleet.

This news did not in the least excite Teach for he kept on just as before, until he thought the time had come to act. He then ordered one of our ships with eighteen men on board to sail into Oregon Inlet and there conceal themselves, with the orders to try to surprise Maynard from the opposite side when we had him thoroughly engaged.

The time came, Maynard with his fleet came down the Sound and as planned we made the attack. For a while we were victorious but thinking that we had won the day our men became too daring and boarded the enemy's fleet in disorder and not expecting to fight further, were surprised and overpowered by the enemy who had been all the while concealed in the hole. Whatever became of the eighteen men and the extra ships was not known, but I do know that I made good use of my time and succeeded in concealing myself in one of the enemies ships and was carried to Virginia where the prisoners taken by Maynard were hanged. In Virginia I escaped from my hiding place and for ten years wandered from state to state. At the end of this time I determined to go back to the island and try to find the treasure. I knew that Teach himself had been killed in battle so I had nothing to fear but the eighteen men who had never turned up.

When I reached the island things looked perfectly natural only the guards along the coast were missing. Making my way through the grove in which was situated the entrance to the cave, I entered the passage with little trouble. When I got as far as the main room I struck a light and hurriedly gathered together all the valuables I could find and piled them near the door. But where was Teach's treasure? Then I thought of this cursed place. Rushing to the door I pushed

it open, it slammed behind me and I found myself standing facing Edward Teach. At first I was stunned, but it was only a picture and I was no coward to be frightened by only a portrait, so taking no further notice I started searching around for the treasure.

Turning around, my attention was attracted by something white in the other end of the vault. Holding the light high above my head I approached. Was it treasure? Yes, there lying and some half sitting against the wall I saw scattered about the floor, the white grinning skulls of eighteen men, nothing but the hands, arms and skulls were visible, their clothing hiding the body. The truth flashed through my mind, I was horror stricken. There lying at my feet were the eighteen men. They had come before me, and for exactly this same purpose as I had, for there strewn about the floor was the treasure. One by one they had come, each hoping he was first had hurried on not once remembering the steel trap door, had passed through never to return again.

Here the writer had stopped short and from all indications had upset the ink.

As Nat finished—heaving a sigh of despair he tried to pray, but could not, his throat was parched and dry, for the first time since he awoke beneath the tree, he remembered how thirsty he was. Uttering a groan he sank down and hid his face, forgetting everything for a time, even the skeletons of the eighteen men.

When he again gained consciousness he found himself lying stretched out on the floor by the table. For at least ten minutes he lay as if in a stupor, suddenly his eyes popped, his mouth opened and he uttered a faint shriek—there just beside him lay the skeleton of a man, perhaps the last one who had entered the vault, the one who had written in the book. Nat felt his hair rise on end as he tried to crawl towards the door. Was it closed? Yes, closed! closed! but

what had kept it from slamming? The lock had failed to catch, the white, grinning skull of a pirate had jammed in between the door and sill. In a moment Nat was running along the passage, and through the hole into which he had tumbled on the previous night. He saw the early morning sun.

"What a fool I was!" declared Nat, when three days later he returned to the island with men and boats for the purpose of carrying off the treasure. The old tree no longer stood in a central location, but was nearly at the waters edge. No longer was there a sandy beach but one of grass covered soil. A land-slide had occurred, due to the recent earthquake, and half of the island had sunken carrying with it treasure and all.

A certain Chicago merchant died, leaving to his only son, the conduct of an extensive business, and great doubt was expressed in some quarters whether the young man possessed the ability to carry out the father's policies.

"Well," said one kindly disposed friend, "for my part, I think Henry is very bright and capable, I'm sure he will succeed."

"Perhaps you're right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow; but take it from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes."—(Clipping.)

Master—What part of speech is the word egg?

Boy—Noun, Sir.

Master—Is it masculine, feminine or neuter?

Boy—Can't tell, Sir.

Master—Is it masculine, feminine or neuter?

Boy—Can't tell, Sir, 'til it's hatched.—Ex.



SONNET.

BEULAH HOLTON '09

The spring is swiftly coming on its way,
It brings no thought of sorrow in its train
But with its lovely flowers and happy days
It drives away all thought of care and pain.
The tiny flowers are blooming in the dell,
The glowing rose its brilliant head uprears,
The bluebell sweetly rings old winters knell,
Its sweetness leaves no room for sighs or tears.
Sweet music fills the air; from every tree
Come notes that bear their gladness to the ear,
The gentle buzzing of the happy bee
Is soothing to the heart that's sad and drear.
Ah, gladness fills the earth, the trees, the flowers,
And makes the birds delight among their bowers.



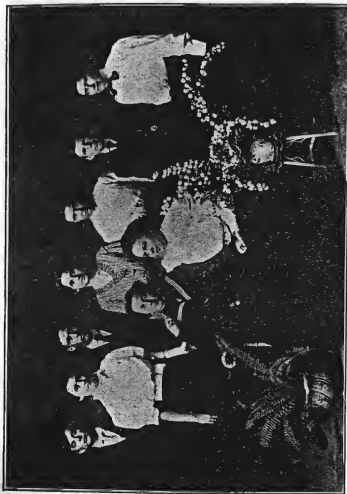
TWO FRAT PINS.

SARAH RICHARDSON

The gaiety of the season was in full sway at the small but popular mountain village. All the small hotels and boarding houses were crowded but the Stanway Inn embraced the jolliest and most congenial crowd.

On one particularly pretty morning a beautiful girl sauntered from the porch of this Inn out to the road. Helen Jennings was indeed beautiful having all the qualities that make up beauty. Her black wavy hair was caught loosely back and her pretty brown eyes twinkled with girlish delight at the thought of being free to wander once more alone through the woods. She had learned every path within a reasonable distance from the Inn and grew very fond of wandering aimlessly through them. As in the case of everything else she had a favorite and it was this one which she sought on this particular morning.

As she strolled along, lost in her own thought, she did not notice the freshly made foot prints, but stooping to tie her shoe she spied just ahead of her a small leather bound book which, after rescuing she started to read, having seated herself beneath an old tree. While she was glancing through some of its passages she heard some one coming. At first she was startled because never before had she met anybody in this path, but on second thought she decided that it might be



GRADUATING CLASS--1909

Photo by Hayard Woodman.

one of the mountaineers, even perhaps one whom she knew. But her heart gave a bound when looking up she saw a tall, handsome girl, rushing toward her, "Oh," she began very excitedly, "have you seen a small leather bound book any where out here? I started out with the purpose of finding a nice quiet place to read it and when the nice quiet place was found I discovered much to my dismay that my book was lost and I've just got to find it. I'll simply stay here until it's found if it's dark, won't you stay with me? It was almost the most treasured thing I possess. What shall I do?" and she sank to the ground thoroughly exhausted from her long walk and anxiety.

Now Helen was a girl that was always in for every little bit of fun that strayed her way and her first thought had been to tease the girl for a while by not letting her know she had it, but seeing how grieved she was her heart went immediately out to her and almost throwing the book at her she cried, "And to think I have been sitting peacefully here enjoying the book while you were so worried. I really am very sorry but now that it's found you had better rest awhile before trying to go further. I know you must be tired."

"Yes, and I have undergone such a mental strain. What a dreadful beginning to my stay in the mountains. If I had not have found it what would I have done?" Helen smiled in spite of herself.

"You know," she continued "I came in on the early train and just after eating my breakfast came out here and," she almost moaned, "very, so very, very, nearly lost my book and"—

"But are you stopping at the Stanway Inn? I'm so glad, so am I. Suppose the reason I missed you this morning is because I was so very lazy and slept late." "Yes, that's just it I suppose. I don't know exactly how I found my way here but I did just the same, and here I am—gee, what a

lovely frat pin, so strange, we seem to be brothers," calling Helen's attention to her pin not jeweled like hers but very pretty. "Although mine is not as handsome I'll just vouch that it belongs to the handsomest and most adorable man." "Well," said Helen much amused, "let's compare notes and see." "Fine! we'll do that thing sitting right here beneath this tree. Mine is medium height and so stylish looking, all the girls are crazy about him, and oh, those eyes! why they put one in a spell. I can just picture them now and it makes me awfully sad and lonely to think that I may not see them for two months, the thought is terrible, but such is life, so what's the use? Well, to pass on from his eyes which I forgot to say are black, nearly coal black and so expressive and dreamy and as I said hold you spell bound, his hair is very very dark and he has the most adorable mouth. To make a long story short he is just as good looking as is possible for a man to be. Now beat that."

"Well," began Helen, "the donor of my pin is a decided brunette like yours and is also of medium height, but I don't think he is as handsome as your friend."

"No, I'm sure he isn't, but this is not going to the Inn and I know it must be late so let's travel on."

They arose and talking gaily as they hurried to the Inn. When they started to separate on the porch Helen with the most winning smile said "I hope we'll be good friends Miss—" "Gooding—Lily Gooding, and yours?" "Helen Jennings, how funny we hadn't thought of this before. Let's make it Lily and Helen, and call it square. That's a bargain." "Give me your hand and the compact is sealed."

When Helen reached her room she had decided that she liked Lily very much and was glad she was staying at the Inn. So absorbed had she been in the thought of her new friend it almost slipped her mind that Ned Graham was coming that night. Now she wondered if Lily would think him handsomer than she had made him to be that morning.

The afternoon passed very slowly for Helen, but when the hour finally came she stood in the door impatiently watching for him. Lily was sitting on the steps and any other time Helen would have joined her but now she only had one thought and happened not to concern Lily.

Now she saw him coming up the road. She could hardly wait. Her heart leaped to her throat as he came swinging along to the steps but it sank to her shoes at the scene that was enacted before her. At sight of each other Lily and Ned both were thunder struck. Neither spoke for what seemed to both as well as Helen, hours. Recovering their self possession they shook hands and expressed their delight over such an unexpected meeting. Although he feigned delight Ned in his heart was blaspheming the fate that had thrown her in his path at this inopportune time. In the meantime Helen was in a stupor as it were, she did not exactly understand it all but with seeming indifference she greeted him with an excited cordiality.

After supper Ned led Helen to a secluded corner of the porch but she did not seem inclined to talk which was very unusual. Finally Ned leaning toward her almost whispered, "Penny for your thoughts, Helen," Oh, they're not worth it they're of you," "That little speech both pleases and displeases me but I'll try and forget the displeasure if you'll tell me what part I can play in your thought, a minor one I know but I'm prepared for almost anything," "I was just wondering when, how, and where you knew Lily Gooding or if you knew her at all before to-night."

"Is that all? That's easy enough, I have known her for a long time but had no idea she was here and I was of course very much surprised to see her. I suppose you have noticed the frat pin she is wearing. Well, it is mine but for some unknown reason she refuses to give it to me. I think a great deal of Lily, in a way, but Helen, there's not another girl in

the world like you, I love you, little girl, but what's the use of repeating the same old story, you know that already. But are you real sure you love me?" "Yes, real sure, but Ned, can you tell me why the comet isn't visible during the first part of the night?"

The time passed very quickly and when they left the porch it was with much lighter hearts than when they went out.

Helen lay awake for a long while that night thinking of Lily. It was Ned whom she was crazy about and she worried a great deal about it. Lily too was tossing unable to sleep for thinking about Helen and Ned.

The next morning when Helen looked from her window and saw Lily and Ned disappear around the bend of the road she knew not what to think but as is generally the case she thought just what was wrong for her to think. She hated Ned! She would show him that she didn't care, so with a brave little heart she went down stairs. She threw herself in a hammock in a corner of the porch all the while trying to persuade herself that she didn't give a fig but in spite of her resistance a lump kept coming in her throat. She tried to sing but she could not make a sound so she lay there waiting, she was miserable but would not allow herself to think so. Someone was coming! Could it be Ned? She wished it were —no, she didn't want to see him—not even again. "Hello, Helen," called a cherry voice she knew so well, "enjoying life?" "Good morning," coldly, "yes I'm having a delightful time I enjoy being alone so much."

"I suppose then I owe you an apology for disturbing you; I will try not to bother you again." Before she could answer him he was gone. Yes, it was just as she expected he loved Lily and that was evident. But here her thoughts were interrupted when suddenly Lily came rushing up and in a very excited tone cried, "Helen, I have just gotten a telegram

saying for me to come home right away. It didn't say why and I'm simply worried to death. I leave in about two hours so I came to say good-bye." The first thing that Helen noticed when Lily came up was the absence of the frat pin, what could it mean? "Why, Lily, I'm so sorry but I hope nothing serious is the matter and you'll find everything alright."

"You always did cheer anybody up, I feel so much better now that I've seen you."

Helen walked to the door with her and who should they meet but Ned. They told him about the telegram and he of course expressed his regret at having her leave but inwardly he was rejoicing over the fact. Maybe things could be adjusted now. He just couldn't manage but one girl at a time. After telling Lily good bye, Ned turned to Helen, and asked, "Helen, will you talk with me for just a few minutes?"

But with a cunning little smile that more completely mystified Ned she said, "But why for just a few minutes?"

A BALLAD.

MERIEL GROVES '09

Commencement day is close at hand,
The day is drawing nigh,
Why do you look so sad '09's?
Why do you frown and sigh?

Surely you are not afraid,
A senior grave and high,
But don't forget to keep in mind,
The day is drawing nigh.

Algebra is on the bum,
You say you'll pass if you try,
But don't forget it '09 pest,
The day is drawing nigh.

Surely this is no great task,
For those so very high,
But do not let yourself forget,
The day is drawing nigh.

The Pound of Flesh Plot in the "Merchant of Venice"

RUTH CHAMBERLAIN '10

As he does in many of his dramas, Shakespeare in his "Merchant of Venice" takes several old stories and, by infusing into them his own creative genius and weaving them together with a master hand, makes the finished drama a lasting work of art which seems entirely original.

The story of the pound of flesh plot has been traced to several sources. In the tale that Shakespeare follows most closely, an Italian book, *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino, had been combined before the two main plots of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" as well as the minor episode of the rings. From Stephen Gosson in his "School of Abuse" we are led to believe that Shakespeare was not even the first one to combine the stories of the pound of flesh and the caskets for a dramatic purpose. Gosson refers to a lost play "The Jew * * * shovne at the Bull [inn] * * * representing the greediness of worldly chusers and the bloody mindes of usereers." A similar story may also be found slightly outlined in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a popular collection of medieval tales. Besides these, there was an old ballad of "Gernatus, a Jew," and several other stories written in different languages all with the same general outline of story; one of them, the first written in the English, dating back as far as the thirteenth century.

So we see that Shakespeare's greatest genius lay not in composing new stories but in collecting and remodeling old ones to suit his purpose. In the first place, the story which Shakespeare selected was a very absurd one, as we see when we come to study it. If we analyze the steps Antonio took when he signed the bond, we can readily see how unlikely it is that any sane man would agree to have a pound of flesh

cut out of his own body, even if he did not expect to be called upon to have it done. It is also very hard to believe that a man could pursue such a heartless course as Shylock did, even granting that he had received great injuries from Antonio.

Shylock of course dominates entirely over this plot as his strong character is bound to do. What a strong-minded, crafty, revengeful man he shows himself to be in devising and carrying out his schemes for the taking of Antonio's life.

Shakespeare uses a delightful method of foreshadowing his plots which is very effective in dramas like his. The foreshadowings in the pound of flesh plot are not an exception. We are given a suggestion of it in Act I, Scene III when Shylock says in an aside:

"I hate him for he is a Christian.

* * *

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

In the development of the plot, Shakespeare makes us suspect that Shylock is laying a deep scheme and is trying to "catch Antonio upon the hip" by fair words and a merry exterior. Then when Shylock actually asks Antonio to sign the bond "in merry sport," saying—

"let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me"—

Shakespeare makes Bassanio object, thus giving us a sort of premonition that Shylock means the purpose of this bond to be otherwise than "in merry sport." The plot gradually deepens when we learn of rumors of the wreck of Antonio's ships and finally, the letter from Antonio tells Bassanio of Antonio's misfortunes and the determination of the Jew to get nothing more nor less than the forfeit of his bond.



Photo by Rayard Wooten.
HIGH SCHOOL BASE BALL TEAM.

The trial scene is the grand climax of this plot. Shylock towers over everyone by his calm and quick answers and will not be kept back from his bloodthirsty desire to take Antonio's life. Had it not been for Portia's shrewdness, the pound of flesh would doubtless have been forfeited and Antonio's life lost. Shakespeare did not attempt to remove the impression that Portia "wrested once the law—to her authority" in the quibble about no blood being mentioned in the bond. Her taking advantage of a mere quibble in this way brings out all the more her quickness to see some way out of this difficulty.

The pound of flesh plot in the "Merchant of Venice" is brought to a dramatic close by the downfall and humiliation of the strong, hitherto unconquerable Shylock; and by Antonio's being released with both his money and his life.

*A Few of the Things Accomplished During the
School Year 1908-'09.*

1. We have our long needed Auditorium, one of the best in the state with seats for 600, completed and in use.
2. We have the new heating plant. The building is completed and by September 1st the heating plant will be ready for use. This removes all fire from the school buildings and will give us uniform steam heat in all the rooms.
3. For the first time we have a single desk for every child in school; there is not a double desk in any of the rooms.
4. We have the additional local tax which will give us sufficient funds next year to divide some of the grades and thus do better work.
5. We have a high grade School Orchestra, which has added much to the work and spirit in the school.
6. We have two Literary Societies which bid fair to be of great service in the future. They have only been organized a short time but what they can do has already been seen by those interested.
7. We have improved the High School Magazine, so that it is one of the best in the state, well supported and encouraged by the pupils of the school.
8. We have made a start this year which will by October 1st result in our having courses in Domestic Science and in Manual Training. In addition to this we have the beginnings of a Gymnasium, with some equipment already on hand, which is going to enable us to turn out from the school a better physical type of man and woman.
9. We have the school to the point that it is more than ever entering into the life of the city, and its importance and use is being felt more and more. More interest is being taken in the work of the school by the citizens in general, this reacts on the pupils and gives us a more interested and more

powerful student body, with a strong school spirit, and capable of doing much for the school and the city.

10. More and better work is being done in the school room, and as the interest of the pupils has increased, better equipment furnished, our work should be of a higher and better grade from year to year. The class of work done this year has been high, more accurate work has been done and better results accomplished.

11. We have a standard which means something. Our requirements for promotion and graduation are Real Requirements. By the recent grading of the University of N. C. we are given credit for $13\frac{1}{2}$ units of work in our course out of the minimum of 15 units they require for entrance. Our standard we are gradually raising and soon we can give in our H. S. Course the full 15 units.

H. B. CRAVEN,
Superintendent.



Many of the world's most famous characters have died in poverty and want but have left behind them unperishable records in literature and science for the uplift and betterment of mankind. Knights of old and modern warriors have shed their life blood upon the battle field in order that the cause which they upheld, the principles for which they died might prevail and give inspiration to coming generations. The contemplation of such can never fail to arouse in us admiration, respect and gratitude. And sometimes there comes to light the unselfish thought of those in quieter walls of life, whose deeds, no less great, have never been sung in song or story.

Such a man was Moses Griffin, founder of Griffin Free School to whose memory the Griffin Memorial Hall was recently dedicated. He left no record of selfishness behind him; no costly monument in stone or marble to tell that he ever existed, yet what Moses Griffin stood for will be as undying as truth itself, and his memory will be forever con-

nected with the good and great of this historical section. He gave the result of his life's work pure and simple for the benefit of coming generations.

Though tardy, we do not think the recognition of this man's great unselfishness is lacking in sincerity or enthusiasm now. He denied himself, that we the members of a generation then unknown, might have more life, more light. This we think is genuine greatness.

Now we have come to the last issue of *The Athenian*, for this season, and we realize that when it is finished the duties of the present editorial staff, towards our magazine will be at end. During the past term we have tried to do to the best of our ability, everything that would strengthen it, and secure for it a high standing among the other high school magazines in the state, and while we know there is still room for much improvement, we feel that we have taken a decided step toward the goal of success.

We wish to thank the members of the school for their hearty support and co-operation; also the members of the faculty who have from time to time given us the benefit of their wise counsel and advice. They have indeed been faithful and stood by us through thick and thin.

Although we are now laying down our responsibilities as members of the staff, we shall always have the interest of *The Athenian* at heart and we hope that next year the work begun will be carried on with renewed zeal and vigor and that those to whom we leave the management of its future, will be as much benefited by the work as we have been.

ON THE GREEN.

SARAH RICHARDSON

Our school exhibit for 1909 will certainly mark an epoch in the history of the New Bern Graded School. It is the second exhibition we have had of our work, and although last year it was a decided success, the 1909 exhibit far surpassed anything of the kind that has ever been attempted. The recitation rooms of the Moses Griffin Building, in which the work was displayed, were tastefully decorated in crepe paper and ferns. A teacher, assisted by two or three pupils received the visitors in each room with great cordiality and explained their work to them. The Primary exhibit consisted largely of Kindergarten work which was very interesting. The paper chains, picture frames, etc., and the written lessons were very neat. The manual training in the intermediate grades that has been put it since Christmas shows a great deal of skill on the part of the pupils. The baskets, picture frames and hats made of raffia were especially artistic. Written recitations were also displayed in this department. The high school exhibit was composed solely of written work. In the tenth grade room was a table of particular interest. All the magazine exchanges of the year as well as the three editions of "The Athenian" were on this table, draped in the class colors as was the entire room. Our orchestra, always ready to lend a helping hand rendered delightful music during each of the three afternoons. Several hours of each afternoon were occupied with oral recitations held in the Griffin Hall. Those arousing great interest and favorable comment were the mental arithmetic classes of the third and fourth grades. The problems comprised addition, subtraction and division, and it was wonderful how quickly and correctly they were answered. The other recitations were likewise very successful.

On the last night of the exhibit the eighth, ninth and tenth grades gave tableaux from Twelfth Night, Merchant of Venice and Macbeth, respectively. The following account of it is copied from the daily "Sun":

SHAKESPEARE TABLEAUX.

In spite of the rain last night, Griffin Hall was crowded by an interested audience to see the Shakespeare Tableaux, given by the literature classes in the high school. Scenes from Macbeth, Twelfth Night and Merchant of Venice were given and a few of the lines in each scene recited. The pupils are studying three plays in their regular English work, and their interpretation of the scenes and characters show fine understanding of the plays.

It is impossible to mention all the characters represented; all did well and evoked their parts but the leading characters are specially worthy of mention. Ethel Willett as Lady Macbeth astonished the audience with her artistic interpretation of the character. Stein Basnight as Macbeth, dressed in regular Scotch costume, looked the veritable warrior and interpreted his character well.

In Twelfth Night, Mary Nixon as Viola, and Allie Land as Olivia, received repeated applause both for their personal beauty and fascinating rendition of their roles. Mary Mitchell as Nerissa, the chatty maid, and Mary Turner as the matchless Portia, were lovely in their interesting discussion of Portia's lovers.

Carl Bartling was a veritable Shylock, both in appearance and manner, and Minnie Walnau was very pleasing as Jessica. James Hughes as Bassanio, Portia's successful suitor, was as handsome as a picture, as he meditated over the caskets and repeated the famous lines on ornament.

Altogether the tableaux were very pleasing and interesting and reflect great credit on the classes in the English department of our high school.

The Moses Griffin Building was dedicated Thursday night during the exhibit. Mr. T. A. Green, President of the Board of Trustees, made a short talk after which Mr. S. M. Brinson delivered a eulogy on Moses Griffin, published in this issue of the magazine. Prof. Carlyle of Wake Forest delivered a great address; one awakening great spirit and enthusiasm. He appealed to the hearts of our citizens and pled earnestly for the secondary school. Altogether the lectures were very inspiring and gave every one who heard them a broader and clearer view of the need of more school tax in our city.

We are very grateful and we wish to proclaim the glad tidings that more school tax has been voted on. This tax means greater advantages, larger opportunities and better equipment for our school, and we are duly appreciative of the interest the citizens of the city have manifested in pushing through this higher tax. Too much praise cannot be awarded to our earnest, energetic Superintendent who has left no stone unturned that adds to the progress of the school. It is now our desire and purpose to show the tax payers that their extra tax is well spent and so long as New Bern Graded School exists we feel sure they will never regret the few extra pennies.

A central heating plant is being erected behind the three school buildings. This heating plant has for long time been one of our greatest needs and the trustees seeing this need have been striving for and have at last succeeded in their efforts.

The following is copied from the Journal:

The High School Orchestra gave a delightful entertainment at the auditorium last evening and the music furnished was of the kind that appeals to a persons musical judgment.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

Photo by Hayard Wootton.

as being the best to be enjoyed. Miss Wyatt has trained the young people well in the work and has put the organization on a plane that makes it the pride of the city. Assisting the orchestra was Miss Ruth Watson reader, Miss Emma Duffy soprano, Mrs. R. A. Nunn soprano and Mr. Robert Richardson tenor. All acquitted themselves splendidly and the entire program was thoroughly enjoyed.

SUNSET.

MARY NIXON '09

Sunset in southern skies
Behind the dark pine trees,
Sunset and all is still
Save, for the soft south breeze.

This lingering yet a little while
Sweet perfumes to us brings,
Of jessamine and rosmary,
Reminders of the Spring.

But lo, the darkness settles down
O'er the landscape far and near,
And now in heavens mantle dark
The tiny stars appear.

While over all yon rising moon
Spreads a mystic shivery sheen,
All creatures now have gone to rest,
And silence reigns supreme.

GRIFFIN LITERARY SOCIETY.

MARY M. MITCHELL '10

The girls in the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth grades organized a Literary Society on March 8th, 1909, for the purpose of broadening their literary knowledge and also to get practice in debating. Some one suggested naming it the Griffin Literary Society, in honor of Moses Griffin who did so much for education here. This suggestion was accepted.

The first meeting was held on Friday, April 9th. The evening was spent very pleasantly with Edgar Allen Poe, every member being made to answer to roll call with a quotation from Poe. A paper, "A Short Sketch of Poe's Life" was read by Mary Berry, and "Poe as a Short Story Writer," by Eula Cole, both of these papers were very good. Mary Uzzell read very sweetly "Annabel Lee." Then we all retired to the hall where we enjoyed both vocal and instrumental music.

The second meeting was on Friday, April 17th, when the question, Resolved, "That a compulsory education law should be passed in North Carolina," was debated. On the affirmative was Mary Louise Jones and Ruth Chamberlain, on the negative, Louise Bell and Sarah Richardson. It was the first time they had ever attempted formal debating, they spoke from notes and for the first attempt did well. The judges were Mrs. C. L. Stevens, Miss Claypoole and Miss Hendren. The negative side gained the victory.

We are now planning for a joint debate with the boys.

Rev. L. P. Howard of Morehead will give us a lecture very soon on some educational or literary subject and we hope that many will attend as it will be free to all and will doubtless prove interesting and beneficial.

THE HANNIS TAYLOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

EDWARD BERRY '11

The "Hannis Taylor Literary Society," an organization for the boys of the high school, was started March 1909. A number of the high school boys met in School Auditorium about March 12th and elected the following officers:

President—Albert Marks.

Vice-President—Carl Bartling.

Critic—Stein Basnight.

Recording Secretary—John H. Jones.

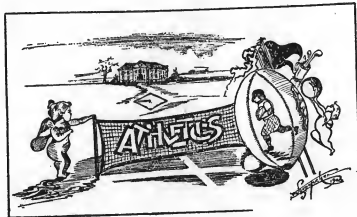
Editor—Edward Berry.

Committee on Constitution and By-Laws—Albert Marks, Carl Bartling, Lacy Edgerton, Chas. Turner and Edward Berry.

The first regular meeting was held April 2nd. The subject for debate was, "Resolved that the honor system should be used in high schools and colleges." The speakers on the affirmative were William Clarke and Kenneth Nixon; on the negative, James Hughes and Lacy Edgerton. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative, Kenneth Nixon being declared the best debator.

At the last meeting, held April 16th, the subject under discussion was, "Resolved that education in North Carolina should be compulsory," in this also, the affirmative side was victorious.

A joint debate was to be held between the girls and boys of the two Literary Societies on the 30th of April but owing to some unforeseen difficulties it had to be postponed until a later date, which will perhaps be Friday, May 14th.



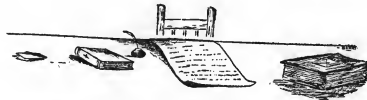
L. G. EDGERTON '11

On March 19th our nine played the Wilmington team at that city. The score 7 to 4 by no means tells the story of the game. It being our first game and that away from home on a sandy diamond are the reasons alleged for the defeat.

The first game was played Friday afternoon. Wilmington began it with four runs in the first, New Bern followed with one. After this, it was practically a pitcher's battle until the fifth inning when Wilmington scored one run, New Bern followed in the sixth with three and Wilmington again in the eighth with two. New Bern was unable to fill up the lead gained by Wilmington.

We hoped to capture the second game, which was played Saturday morning but our second pitcher was unable to go on the trip, so Spencer, the pitcher the day before, twirled the first part of this game also. He held out pretty well until Wilmington got on to his delivery in the fifth and succeeded in piling up so many runs that when Basnight was put in the box, we were unable to get the lead.

The manager is trying to schedule several games before the season is over.



EXCHANGE

MARY UZZELL '09

It is always a pleasure to read a magazine, when we know that an effort has been made to advance the standard of that magazine. This we believe the editorial staff of "The Donegal Banner" is endeavoring to do. "Music in the Home" is clearly written and evidently the result of work after much careful thinking. We agree with the author of this article especially in that music should be in every home if possible. We girls can certainly get some consolation in reading "The Most Extravagant Girl in History," for most parents are continually lecturing their girls on being "so extravagant". "A Romance of Before de War Days" is cleverly written; the description of the moonlight on the river deserves especial notice. Miss Pugh, being from New Bern, knows from personal experience what it is to be on the river on a beautiful moonlight night.

There is nothing that lends more to the make up of a magazine than an attractive cover and we can always rely on the "Messenger" for having this, that will attract attention. It is our opinion that the quality of the material of the "Messenger" is improving all the time. "The St. Mary's Muse"

is another magazine whose cover is always neat and attractive. The write up of the "Holy Grail" shows a thorough study of the poem. But we will never know what the "Muse" thinks of her sister magazines, for she will not take the advice of any of us and have an exchange department.

We are delighted to have the "Park School Gazette" with us again. We do not receive this magazine regularly, only now and then, perhaps carelessness on the part of the business manager. The sketch of Oliver Goldsmith's life is not as good as it might be, but the story "Simpson's Grit" is very commendable and interesting holding one's attention to the end. There are some boys so enthusiastic that they would do what the hero of this story did.

The students' issue of "Mars Hill College Quarterly" is a splendid publication. The glory of this issue is the short story, "A Special Delivery," is worthy of praise and is true in many cases. Hundreds of girls get blue and want to go home when they fail to get a letter from their beaux. "The Reckoning" is a very clever story, the plot being well planned.

We acknowledge the receipt of our usual exchanges.



HARGET BARNUM '10

The end of school is drawing near,
This we will hail of course, with delight,
But another season will begin this year,
And put some in a very sad plight.

"Johnnie, I will give you a quarter if you can get me a lock of your sister's hair."

"Gimme four bits an' I'll git you de whole bunch. I know where she hangs it nights."—Ex.

Teacher to pupil on general history—"What sort of roads did Darius I build."

Pupil—"Log road sir."

Minister—"Do you take this man for better or for worse?"

Bride—"No, sah, I takes him jes' as he is. If he gets any betteh he'll die; if he gets any wuss ah'll kill him mah-se'f."—Ex.

When you listen to his gas,
And think about his brass,
You're convinced of this one fact:
That his mettle's surely cracked.—Ex.

A certain teacher told a member of the 10th grade the other day to go to the office and 'phone the meat market for some brains for the 9th grade. (What?)

The lives of milkmen oft remind us,
They can take of chalk a lump
And, by artful mixing, fill us
With the liquid from the pump.—Ex.

We dubbed a boy Bassanio,
And made him play in a Shakespeare show,
His part was to court a pretty miss,
But he was cheated out of his kiss.

Dolly—No; I won't wash my face!
Grandma—Naughty, naughty! When I was a little girl I
always washed my face.
Dolly—Yes, and now look at it!—Ex.

There was a young man from O'Gar
Who bargained to run this new car,
He got here on Sunday,
But blew up on Monday,
And they carried him home in a jar!—Ex.

He—"Can you explain to me the difference between
'shall' and 'will'? For example, if I say, 'will you marry
me?' should you reply, 'I shall' or 'I will?'"
She (coldly)—"I should reply, 'I won't.'"—Ex.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Sunday School Superintendent—"Who led the children
of Israel into Canaan? will one of the smaller boys answer?"
No reply.

Superintendent (somewhat sternly)—"Can no one tell?
Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children
of Israel into Canaan?"

Little Boy (badly frightened)—"It wasn't me. I—I just
moved yere last week f'm Mizzoury."—Ex.

The flies swarm in the heated air,
The mosquitos sing like a hummer,
The bull frogs croak in the marshy swamp,
For the time of the year is summer.

The Mould of Form—An old Englishwoman of exceed-
ing stoutness was making efforts, not immediately successful,
to enter the rear door of an omnibus. The boy on the box
leaned down and cried genially: "Try sideways, mother, try
sideways!" To which the old woman responded: "Lord
bless ye, John, I ain't got no sideways!"—Ex.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
But that has nothing to do with this;
For a certain boy played in the school tableau,
And didn't get his kiss.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
This is the last issue and there you are.
I guess it's all right, I hope it may be,
For anyway this is the last from me.

Oh! Almighty dollar thy shining face
Bespeaks thy wondrous power,
In my pocket make thy hiding place,
For I need thee every hour.—Ex.

Fare thee well, dear old school,
I bid thee adieu, adieu;
I may go away for a little rest,
But I'll surely come back to you.

ALUMNI.

MERIEL GROVES '09

The following are some of the most well know men who went to school in the old academy building of the New Bern Graded School, and we can venture to say that few preparatory schools have ever been the means of laying the foundation for the education of a more distinguished list.

Judge Wm. Gaston.

John Wright Stanley.

Gov. Richard DeW. Spaight.

Francis Hawks.

Judge M. Manly.

Hannis Taylor, (Minister to Spain during the Spanish-American War.)

Moses Griffin, (Founder of Griffin Free School.)

Hon. Chas. R. Thomas, (our present Congressman.)

Judge Badger.

DR. W. L. HAND, DENTIST.

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